

Quote

THE WEEKLY DIGEST

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MAY WE *Quote* YOU ON THAT?



Watchman, what of the night?

Across the plains of Bethlehem there is no peace this Christmas-tide. As shepherds guard their flocks, they seek no echo of that time of glow and glory. For their thoughts are with the prophet Isaiah who earlier proclaimed, "Ye shall lodge in the forests of the Arabs . . . for the Lord God of Israel hath spoken it."

Trouble, strife and discord make a dross of Jerusalem, the Golden. And in the flamed minds of men breeds the febrile sperm of battle and of bloodshed. Now, as in His day on earth, there is no time nor thought for the gentle comprising course. And above the unconsonant chorus of conflict there lingers, still unanswered, the querulous cry of Pontius Pilate, "Truth? What is the truth?"

It is easy—too easy—to become sentimentally partisan on the issue of restoring the traditional Hebrew homeland. But anyone who believes that the recent UN decree is likely to terminate the ageless problems of the Jews and Arabs, is doomed to disappointment. Their differences are much too deep, and too disturbing, for any such facile solution.

SUMNER H SLICHTER, Harvard Univ: "Our economy is by far the most productive in the world; with 6% of the people, we produce over 1/3 of the world's goods." 1-Q

Dr RALPH W SOCKMAN, Christ Church, Methodist, N Y: "The cry of a hungry child is an internat'l language which needs no interpretation. If we are to put Europe on its feet, America must get on her knees." 2-Q

A G WEEMS, columnist, *Memphis Commercial Appeal*: "America has sent, and will continue to send, many shiploads of food to Europe. It is lamentable that, during the just-past Thanksgiving season, we couldn't have given one bird to the Kremlin." 3-Q

Dr HAROLD J UREY, American physicist: "There are only 2 foolish peoples in the world—the U S and Russia, for they are making and intend to make atom bombs and they think themselves powerful." 4-Q

Rep EDW REES, of Kansas: "More bread and less bureaucracy is needed in administering the relief program." 5-Q

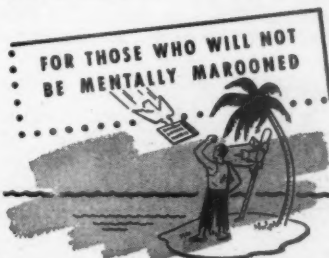
Mrs ELEANOR ROOSEVELT, chairman of Human Rights Commission of UN, declaring America must insure basic rights here in order to "speak and act with greater authority" at internat'l meetings: "If we do not expect too much too quickly and yet press forward for tangible results, we will find the justice and brotherhood we seek." 6-Q

SILAS McIVER, columnist, *Labor Union*: "The principle of less work and less service for more money will, if it becomes entrenched, lead to depression and economic chaos." 7-Q

Prof P B MOON, sec'y of British Atomic Scientists' Ass'n, reporting Britain's 1st small-scale atomic pile is producing heat—"perhaps enough to run 1 electric fire": "Altho we are a long way behind the Americans, we are making a pretty good start on the small scale on which we are able to work." 8-Q

JOHN FOSTER DULLES, U S delegate to UN: "The men in the Kremlin are in a dilemma. Unless they can conjure up enemies, they cannot justify their powers." 9-Q

Sen STYLES BRIDGES, of N H: "We will be misled indeed if we confuse our dollars with our true wealth. There is a real limit to our resources. If this nation, thinking in money terms, overcommits itself to supplying actual goods, there literally will be money to burn because our dollars will be as plentiful and as worthless as those of any nation offering inflation." 10-Q





ADVICE—1

Of the saviors of mankind there is no end. Here in a newspaper are articles with full directions for stopping inflation, athlete's foot and Russia. — *Louisville Courier-Jnl.*

COMMUNISM—2

What are we going to do positively and constructively about combating communism. It isn't enough to be anti-Communist, any more than it is to be anti-smallpox. You can still die from smallpox if you have not used a serum against it. A positive program is the best antitoxin for the plague of communism. Men and women who have a reasonable measure of opportunity aren't taken in by the prattle of Communists. The most effective way is to make democracy work—for greater opportunity, for greater security for all our people. The real breeding ground for communism is everywhere where people haven't enough to eat or enough to wear thru no fault of their own. Communism hunts misery, feeds on misery and profits from it. Freedom walks hand in hand with abundance. That has been the history of America. If we fortify our democracy to lick what we will lick communism here and abroad. — **ERIC JOHNSTON**, *American Federalist*.

CUSTOM—3

It was one of the chuckle-headed German kings of England, one of the Georges legend has it, who started the custom of standing when the choir breaks into the

Hallelujah chorus. The old gent, the story goes, was weary of sitting and took a 7th inning stretch just as the introduction to the chorus got underway. Nobody could sit while the king stood, so the whole audience arose to follow his example, hence the custom as it persists to this day.—*KVP Philosopher*.

DEMOCRACY—vs Despotism—4

In a democracy there is much complaint and little suffering. In a despotism, there is much suffering and little complaint. — *Working Warrior*.

DIPLOMACY—5

A successful diplomat is a man who is always on his toes but never on the other fellow's.—*Banking*.

EDUCATION—6

Some yrs before the advent of Hitler an American prof visited a secondary school in Berlin. When he reached the senior class in English the teacher requested him to address the class on some aspect of education in the U S. It was a day in Nov and from that the prof took his cue. "Boys," he said, "I would like to talk to you about college education in the U S. On any Sat in Nov, if you lived in an American college town, you would see thousands of people thronging to the college stadium to see a football match." He then described such a match. When he had finished his address one of the pupils raised his hand and said to the American visitor, "Sir, do you do anything else in American colleges besides play football?" — *School & Society*.

EDUCATION—Costs—7

Checks issued by Riverside High School of Milwaukee, Wis, carry this message: "People thruout the world must choose between better schools and bigger wars." — *NEA Jnl.*

EUROPE—Postwar—8

In Europe it's a battle of White bread versus Red baloney.—**ARTHUR MURRAY**, quoted by **WALTER WINCHELL**, *syndicated col.*

FAME—9

Not too long ago Gov Thomas E Dewey of N Y made an unscheduled appearance at Lake Success. His car was stopped at the entrance to the delegate's parking field.

"I'm sorry," said the policeman. "This area is reserved for delegates."

"Don't you recognize my face?" inq'd the black-mustached gov.

"Yes, sir," the guard repl'd. "You're the gov of N Y state. But you're not a delegate and you'll have to enter by the public gate." The gov did.—*Minneapolis Tribune*.

FREEDOM—10

Of the 40 billion people who have lived on the earth since the beginning of the Christian era, less than 3% or about 1 billion have led free lives.—*Swanson Newsette*.

GENIUS—11

The conventional concept of genius seems to be an individual endowed with mental or artistic talent, so that he has exceptional insight into the problems of his chosen field. It is a good concept, but we submit that it calls for an important amendment.

It is not mere insight or intelligence or talent that makes a man or woman a genius. It is the *application* of these qualities. Take a person with an extremely high I.Q. Until that person's brain grasps something and achieves a result, it does not represent genius, but merely potential genius. A high-powered engine has no value to the owner until its power is harnessed to do useful work. So with high intelligence; it has no real value to society until it actually produces.—*Research Viewpoint*, Esselen Research Corp'n.

GERMANY—Postwar—12

In a discussion of the relatively slow development of democratic ideals by some Germans: In the most impressionistic years of our development a political revolution without parallel has suddenly appeared. We need time to figure out what has come upon us. What person—of character—can look at a tragedy and be the same person after the curtain falls as he was when he entered the theater? Won't he go home quietly and thoughtfully, and won't many new pictures appear before his soul? Pictures that will be brought into his philosophy of life only after he has understood them? How much more difficult is our assignment!—**ERIKA STAHNKE**, in letter to *Horizont*. (Berlin; *QUOTE translation*.)

GIFTS—Giving—13

Amid the crowd of yuletide shoppers in a local dep't store a 10-yr-old boy stood sobbing silently, his little sister sharing his woe. He had dropped and broken the lid of the Mickey Mouse cookie jar he had just bought Mamma. The head of the dep't had just begun to explain that there were no replacement lids when along came the store mgr. "I can find one for you, Sonny," he said, and shortly produced it. "Fraid I haven't enough money to pay for it," the tearful lad cautiously asserted.

"That's all right. The top was an extra one anyway," the mgr repl'd, telling one of the whitest lies of the season. It was thru misty eyes that we grown-up shoppers saw the little pair smilingly depart, hugging their mother's precious Christmas gift—wrapped this time in 2 sections—to their sides.—W S BROWN, *Rotarian*.

HONESTY—14

In the heart of Cleveland's vast Negro slum, a play house called Karamu is the center of Negro culture and opportunity. Each yr Karamu presents a children's Christmas play. One yr the leading lady was jailed for stealing coal. It was too late to obtain her release. Russell Jelliffe, director of Karamu, had to tell his audience the show was off. Admission was 3¢ for those who had it. "I'll pass among you with a bag of pennies," he announced. "Anybody who paid 3¢ tell me so and I'll give it back. When I'm finished I should have exactly nothing and every child should be repaid." It worked out precisely so.

Afterwards, a white minister in the audience shook Jelliffe's hand. "I could never have gotten away with that in my church," he said.—JOS ISRAELS, *Coronet*.

HUMAN NATURE—15

Whenever I see a skillful man at work at his trade, provided it is not my trade, I am humble. In our

own spheres we are either jealous or supercilious.—WM FEATHER, *Enos Magazine*, hm, Enos Coal Mining Co.

LIFE—16

There's always a big "if" in the center of life.—*Consol Dealer*.

Let us be thankful . . .

There is a Santa Claus in the heart of every man. He is the embodiment of all the unfulfilled desires; of all the yearning for good; of lofty resolutions; of pity for the suffering; of wishes to help the helpless; of every high resolve to make others happy.

With our child-love of the dramatic, we visualize our Santa Claus as a huge fellow, capable of accomplishing the most tremendous tasks, with a perpetual smile on his face showing the cheerful heart; with a twinkle in his eye denoting his unfailing good humor; with a great pack on his back full of all the good we wish for others.

Santa Claus is the personification of all the good in the heart of every man. Let us be thankful that in this nation good finds expression on Christmas Day regardless of sect or creed.—*Woodmen of the World Magazine*. 17

MATRIMONY—18

Word comes that a new law in China enables those hardy souls who contemplate matrimony to go thru with the idea for a mere 800 Chinese dollars, or 2¢ in American money.—*Woman's Day*.

MEMORY—19

Why do some folks have enough memory to recall to the tiniest detail what has happened to them, and not enough to remember how many times they've told it to the same person?—*Advertiser's Digest*.

NARROW-MINDEDNESS—20

During her early Parliamentary days Lady Astor was going about canvassing for signatures to a petition concerning Lord Milner, Vice-

roy of India. She stopped at the establishment of a grocer, who read the petition carefully and slowly.

"And who might this fellow be?" he asked.

"Our Indian Viceroy," repl'd Lady Astor.

"What's a viceroy?" the man wanted to know.

"A proconsul," said her ladyship and then explained the office in detail.

The old fellow nodded comprehendingly, and then seemed suddenly cautious. "You're not lettin' the women sign this paper?" he asked.

"Oh, of course not."

"That's good!" he said with satisfaction as he painstakingly scrawled his signature. "Women don't know nothin' about such things."—*Classmate*.

OCCUPATION—21

Regardless of your occupation, if it is legitimate and necessary, you do not have to apologize for being in it. And, if you ever do find it necessary to apologize for your job, you had better change to something else. For if you remain in it, you are unfair not only to yourself but to many others who are making that work their life's career.—RUSSELL J FORNWALT, "No Apologies Necessary," *Opportunity*, 11-'47.

ORIGIN—"Fiasco"—22

A certain celebrity was sure he could blow glass as well as if he had learned the trade. So one day he was allowed in a glass factory to put his boasted skills to the test. He succeeded only in blowing a queer-shaped bottle which the onlookers called *fiasco*, a little flask. Again and again he tried, but with no better success. From that day to this, a failure after pretentious boasting has been known as a *fiasco*.—*Ladies' Home Jnl*.

PEACE—23

Hard to dislike a chap who likes you, isn't it? Well, there's your peace plan.—*R & R Magazine*.

LUCY HITTLE, Editor

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Droke House



AUTOMOBILES: New idea in auto safety—device which stops car automatically when hand is taken from the wheel—has been patented. Semi-circular ring is mounted around the rim of the steering wheel. It is interrupted across from driver by a helical tensioning spring which draws terminals of wire together. Wires are connected to the ignition circuit. When grip on steering wheel is released, the ignition circuit is broken and the engine stops. (*American Legion Magazine*)

HOUSEHOLD APPLIANCES: Rolled plastic screen, housed in small aluminum case, simultaneously follows the movement of window. "Roll-O-Matic" screen rolls into its sill-mounted housing when window is closed; hence does not obscure vision. Automatically goes up whenever window is raised; yet can be instantly removed to facilitate window washing. (*Financial Post*)

INVENTIONS: New shower fixture mixes hot and cold water to desired temperature before control is turned to release water thru shower head. When water is shut off, knob automatically drops to prevent unexpected deluge next time water is turned on for tub use, thru regular spout. (*Hartford Courant*)

MEDICINE: "Salt" penicillin, made by combining penicillin with procaine dissolved in oil, remains active in human body for as long as 48 hrs; may eliminate need for frequent injections. (*Capper's Wkly*)

TOOLS: Woman of the house can have her own kit of tools, finished in blue and ivory. Nails, screws, lady's hammer, pliers, awl, pincer, snip and screw drivers are packed in sturdy blue-and-silver box. (*Pathfinder*)

PERSONALITY—24

Every community is a tumbler full of fire-files in the sense that every human personality gives off a certain glow. The way a man looks at life: whether he is friendly or surly, cheerful or morose, whether he is optimistic or despondent; and his sense of values and sanctions, his ambitions and restraints, his freedom and his fear—all of these contribute to his glow, and to the collective glow of his community.—ELMER H JOHNSON, *Popular Home*.

POWER—Balance of—25

Equilibrium of balance of power is essential in the world, both within the framework of the UN and outside it. Balance of power really means that men who want to live in a society of law, of justice, rather than in a world ruled by force, recognize that adjustment between differing ways of life and different forms of gov't requires constant negotiations and continuing effort to prevent frictions from needlessly developing into conflict.—JAS FORRESTAL, *Think*.

SECURITY—26

Security is one of those debatable matters that is perennially interesting, one too complex ever to be an open-and-shut case. About all one can say is that the more mature a person is mentally, emotionally and spiritually and the greater his capacity for solving his own problems, the more secure emotionally, materially and spiritually he likely will be.—EDITH JOHNSON, "Is It a Disgrace to Feel Insecure?" *Daily Oklahoman*, 11-23-'47.

SELF-ANALYSIS—27

When everything seems to be going dead wrong, take a good look and see if you are not headed in the wrong direction.—*Construction Digest*.

VALUES—28

Ten-yr old schoolgirls in Nuremberg were recently ordered by their teacher to write an essay, traditional in German schools, entitled "The Most Beautiful Day of My Life." One of these gray-faced children wrote as follows: "The most beautiful day of my life was Feb 17, 1947, when my brother died and I inherited his shoes and his woolen underwear."—*Newsweek*.

364+1

Dan Parker has set forth the meaning of Christmas to each of the following:

The Turkey: Doomsday.

The Mother: The time for making more sacrifices than usual for loved ones.

The Columnist: A day on which it's harder than usual to think up an idea that hasn't been done to death.

The Old: A day of memories and, maybe, regrets.

The Young: The only day in the yr that counts.

The Hopeless: A day on which their misery is accentuated by the happiness of others.

The Lonely: A day for trying to lose themselves in crowds to fight off the feeling of aloneness; of venturing timidly into a church of unknown denomination, lured by the joyful pealing of the organ, or of pausing before a home to strain their ears for the happy voices of children.

The Average Man: The day on which he finds out he isn't as bad as he thought he was in moments of self recrimination, or as good as he supposed in periods of exaltation, but exactly the way he'd like to be always.

Most of Us: The day on which we call a 24-hr armistice on meanness, pettiness, thoughtlessness and other 364-day traits we could get along so much better without always. 29

WORRY—30

The late Fred Fuller Shedd had a gift for stating an old truth in a new and picturesque way. While addressing a college graduating class once, he asked, "How many of you have ever sawed wood? Let's see your hands." Most of them had. Then he inq'd, "How many of you have ever sawed sawdust?" No hands went up.

"Of course, you can't saw sawdust!" Mr Shedd exclaimed. "It's already sawed! And it's the same with the past. When you start worrying about things that are over and done with, you're merely trying to saw sawdust."—DALE CARNegie, "Cash In on Your Mistakes," *Your Life*, 12-47.

"Religion is not an arithmetical process . . ."



MILTON STEINBERG, a well-known Jewish rabbi, emphasizes that his new book, *Basic Judaism* (Harcourt, Brace, \$2.50) is "written for both Jews and non-Jews." Actually, this is an objective, non-emotional study of the Jewish religion. The author has wisely restrained an impulse to discuss Jews, Jewish problems, or Jewish culture. Gentiles will be especially interested in the Jewish point of view on other religions. Rabbi STEINBERG, it may be mentioned in passing, is also author of an earlier work, *A Partisan Guide to the Jewish Question*. (QUOTE, Vol 11, No 11-BB)

To the Jewish traditionalist Judaism is religion *par excellence*, the true faith.

Other religions however are not necessarily or totally false. On the contrary they may be true in part, according to the degree in which they approximate Judaism.

By this criterion, non-Jewish communions run a gamut from the altogether benighted to the almost completely enlightened. Idolatry and polytheism are outright superstition and error. In trinitarian Christianity valid and invalid elements commingle. And a fellowship of ethical monotheism such as Unitarianism is unexceptionable as far as it goes, except that it does not go far enough . . .

Modernists refuse to look on the diverse communions as tho they were so many systems of propositions of which only one can be true while all others must be false. They conceive of them rather as one thinks of different individuals or cultures, each possessed of verities and virtues peculiar to itself.

In this light, it is good, not regrettable, that religions are plural, just as it is advantageous to the world that there are many persons and civilizations.

Life is the richer in color and variety.

Each faith is stimulated by the others and is spurred constantly by their criticism to self-purification.

The different churches supplement one another, each contributing some insight or value peculiar to itself, or else putting a distinctive interpretation and hue onto propositions and ideals common to all. Thus the total life of the human spirit is more rounded than could be achieved from one source alone.

Individual doctrines are of course either true or false — an issue of burning moment. But no communion is of error all compact. In any case, religion is not an arithmetical

process to be exploded by the discovery of a mistake. Nor ought the adherents of any faith to claim on its behalf all of truth and goodness. Rather it is their duty to make the most of its virtues, correct its fallacies, and make good its deficiencies.

For the Jewish modernist Judaism is wonderfully dowered with merits of the highest order: lucidity and reasonableness in doctrine, exaltation yet practicality in ethic, a passion for social justice, balance between body and soul, a wealth of poetic rituals, dedication to freedom of conscience, reverence for the life of reason, and others in addition.

But any religion may share in some of these qualities, or display still others which Judaism lacks.

Brahmanism has gone much further in exploring the mystic way and in evolving techniques of discipline. Quakerism has worked out in greater detail the ethics of peacableness. Roman Catholicism is more elaborate and dramatic ritually.

The end of the matter is this: the Jewish modernist prefers not to put religions in contrast with one another. He is content that each has its share of verity and worth, that all have the right to be, that out of their diversity, God, man and the truth are better served in the long run.

As for himself, he is at peace in Judaism.

It is his own; he is bound to it as to his parents and native land.

It is the faith of the people of which he is a mbr.

It has an inexhaustible fund of special excellences.

It is unique and therefore irreplaceable. The world would be impoverished were it lost.

Wherefore he is satisfied to live in it, and, when his time comes, to die in it. It is enough for him, and more.



The Peddler of St Mary's

PHILIP J CLEVELAND

In an icy Dec downpour a be-draggled peddler, with his pack on his back, sought shelter in a doorway of St Mary's Church in Lambeth, England. A lean mongrel dog shivered beside him. The curate, noticing the pair, invited them in, gave them food and asked questions with friendly interest.

"I'm not getting on at all, sir," the peddler admitted. "Not at all. Even the Christmas season brings me no luck."

"Do you ask heaven to bless you in your business?" the curate inq'd.

"Me?" The peddler was startled. "It's not for the likes of me to be troubling heaven with my trade."

"Ah, but it is, my friend," the curate insisted. "Try this. Each morning, before you begin the day's work, ask heaven to guide and help you. Just try it."

A little later the peddler went out again into the night. This time he was whistling.

Many yrs later he ret'd to St Mary's Church to thank the curate for his hospitality and advice.

"I have been successful in business far beyond my expectations," he said. "As an expression of gratitude I am going to present to the church a fine parcel of land, on the bank of the Thames, with one condition — that you place in this church a window of stained glass, representing a peddler with his pack on his back and a dog at his heels."

The Peddler's Acre, now a closely built-up part of London, is still the property of St Mary's, which receives an excellent revenue from the property. And the token of the peddler's gratitude for his prosperity—a quaint portrait of a mendicant, pack on back and dog at his heels—still glows in colored glass at St Mary's.—*Woman*.

GOOD STORIES

You Can Use

During the last day of the Christmas rush in a large dept store a frenzied clerk, overwhelmed by pushing women shoppers, was making out what she hoped would be the last sales check of the day. As the customer gave her name and address, the clerk, pushing her hair up from her damp forehead, remarked, "It's a madhouse, isn't it?"

"No," the customer repl'd angrily. "It's a private home!" a

Best story about Winston Churchill concerns his ex-son-in-law, Victor Oliver, the famous stage comedian.

Oliver is now divorced from Churchill's daughter, but shortly before the divorce he called at No 10 Downing St to see if he couldn't help patch up his matrimonial affairs. While dining with his father-in-law and various other notables, Oliver popped a question calculated, he thought, to warm the soul of the then British Prime Minister.

"Sir," he asked, leaning across the table and looking sweetly at his father-in-law, "who, in your opinion, will emerge as the greatest leader of this war?"

Before anyone could come back with the expected answer that Churchill himself was the greatest war leader, his glowering father-in-law shot back: "Mussolini!"

"Mussolini?" countered the puzzled Mr Oliver.

"Because," repl'd Churchill, "he at least had the good sense to shoot his son-in-law."—*Hobo News.* b

There's at least one female who disapproves of Walter Pidgeon, and that's his Aunt Nan, an old lady who lives in Canada. She always wanted Walter to become a lawyer, or at least something more respectable than an actor. So when she read in the papers that he had been ranked 2nd to Pres Conant of Harvard among "The 10 Best-Dressed Men in America," she wrote: "Dear Nephew: I am glad to see you finally associated with an intellectual. Kindly thank your tailor for me."—*This Wk.* c

A busy housewife mailed a couple of checks to her bank for deposit

I LAUGHED AT THIS ONE

RYTA HAYWORTH

Movie actress

My favorite Christmas story really has very little to do with Christmas, but concerns rather the vice of curiosity, and one that we all suffer from in some shape or form.

The hero of this story, Mr Jones, didn't believe in too much curiosity. The night before Christmas he rang up the local horse dealer and asked him to deliver a \$15 horse right away, and the dealer did as he was told. When the horse arrived outside Mr Jones' hotel, arrangements had been made to take the horse right inside, thru the lobby, up to his suite, thru the living room and bedroom, and finally into the bathroom. There he ordered the dealer to put the horse into the holly-wreathed and mistletoe'd bath-tub. By that time the dealer was beginning to have doubts about the sanity of his client. But Mr Jones still didn't say anything, and when the horse was finally ensconced in the bath, he took out a gun and shot the animal dead.

The dealer couldn't stand it any longer. In a frenzy he turned to the very calm Mr Jones. "Why did you do that?"

Mr Jones laughed harshly. "Oh, it's just that I have a bro who rings me promptly at midnight every Christmas Eve and says, 'Hi, Geo, what's new?'—*Nat'l Home Monthly.*

and absent-mindedly signed her note of transmittal, "Love, Janice." Back came a duplicate of her deposit slip, signed, with a debonair flourish, "Love, Bankers Trust Co."—*New Yorker.* d

In Italy this summer, my husband and I were obliged to leave the train for examination by the

Italian Customs. While waiting in line, I saw 3 young Italian policemen, excessively handsome in their greenish uniforms. I remarked to my husband: "Oh boy, look at those good-looking kids! They ought to be in Hollywood." Business with the customs proceeded, and we sat down to await the train to Genoa. The 3 policemen strolled by, profiles well exhibited, and I admired them again. We got up to stroll about the station, and again I noticed the profiles of the boys, marching past gravely and slowly. Becoming suspicious at last, I asked an interpreter if the boys understood English. "Oh, yes," he ans'd brightly, "they were all born in Brooklyn."—*TAYLOR CALDWELL, quoted by BENNETT CERF, Sat Review of Literature.* e

Back from his day in the office father asked of his children whether they had been good. "Oh, yes," said his little daughter, "I washed the tea-things." His small son added: "And I wiped them dry." Turning to the youngest of the trio, he asked: "And what did you do, Margaret?" In high glee she reported: "I picked up the pieces."—*Pastor's Wife.* f

Geo Gallup, the poll expert, tells about an experience in the Dept of Agriculture, which proves how little people listen to what they're told and how inaccurately they read what is written. A Congressman was chiding the Dep't for its free and easy way with the taxpayers' money. Said he, hundreds of pamphlets were printed in which no one had the slightest interest—*The Recreational Resources of the Denison Dam, The Wolves of Mount McKinley, The Ecology of the Coyote.* "They print every last thing about nature but the love life of the frog." Shortly after his harangue, the Dep't found in the mail 5 or 6 letters from Congressmen asking for *The Love Life of the Frog.* Similar orders kept coming in so regularly that the Dep't

WISECRACKS

OF THE WEEK



was obliged to state in a circular: "We do not print *The Love Life of the Frog*." After this announcement, requests were trebled. Finally the Dep't gave a press release stating an error had been made. After the new item came out, requests began to number into the hundreds. The Sec'y of Agriculture was called in. Determined to stop the foolishness for once and all he took time during an address on the air on a nation-wide hookup, to deny vehemently that the Dep't had ever prepared any pamphlet concerning the love life of the frog. After the broadcast there were more than 1,000 requests in the mail.—BERNADINE KIELTY, *Book-of-the-Month Club News*. **g**

" " Mrs Battle Ax was "helping" her husband pick out a new suit. He wanted a plain gray suit but she held out for a black one with stripes running up and down.

"But I'm skinny," he protested. "I need horizontal stripes, and anyway I hate black."

"And I'm not skinny," she snapped back, "and I need vertical stripes. And I love black. And I intend to make a suit for myself out of this when it gets a little older and now's the time to make sure it flatters me!"—*Denver Post*. **h**

" " Lana Turner's daughter Cheryl did her own Christmas gift selecting for the 1st time last yr. She distributed them as follows:

A bright scarf for her mother.

A blue dress for her grandmother.

A red purse for her nurse.

A diamond ring for "Cookie," the cook.

When asked why Cookie came out so far on top Cheryl said, "She's the one who puts the butter on my bread!"—LOVELLA PARSONS, *INS*. **i**

" " When old man Jones' lawyer learned that his client had inherited \$2 million and a 5% interest in a oil co, he told his sec'y, "I'll have to break it to him gently or the old coot will drop dead from the shock. Watch how I do it."

They wheeled in the aged Mr Jones promptly at 3. "What's up?" he demanded crossly.

"Mr Jones," began the lawyer softly. "What would you say if I told you you had inherited a couple of million dollars?"

Jones cackled, "Say? Why, Jim, you danged fool, I'd say 'Half of it goes to you'."

The lawyer dropped dead. — *American Eagle*. **j**

" " Walter was going to have a party, and his mother insisted on his inviting, among others, a neighbor's boy with whom he had had an argument. He finally promised he would do so, but on the day of the party the neighbor's boy failed to turn up. Walter's mother became suspicious. "Did you invite Charlie?" she asked.

"Of course I did, mother. I not only invited him to come, I dared him to."—*Edmonton Bulletin*. **k**

" " At Sunday School, little Bobby was deeply impressed by the story of Eve's creation from one of Adam's ribs. Later in the day, Bobby felt a pain in his side, "Oh, Mother," he gasped, "I think I'm going to have a wife!"—*Louisville Courier-Jnl Magazine*. **l**

" " A cautious Hartford, Conn bank teller asked an army veteran who wanted to cash a \$300 state bonus check for more identification than a driver's license.

Without a word, the vet removed his false teeth and displayed his name and army serial number inscribed on it.

He got his check cashed . . . — HAROLD HELFER, *American Legion Magazine*. **m**

" " Mrs Morse had just informed her husband, Albert, that she would need money for a new wardrobe since the style had changed to longer dresses. He was furious.

"But look, Albert, at what I'll save," she reasoned logically. "When short skirts are worn again, I can cut them off!"—*Wall St Jnl*. **n**

Lois Lee, the actress, went to the airport to meet her boy friend, actor-comedian Joey Adams, and as the plane circled about, a spotlight played on it. "Turn the spot-

Santa Claus is the only one who can run around with a bag all night and not get talked about. — *Alexander Animator*.

" " A practical politician is one who finds out which way the crowd is moving, then elbows his way to the front and yells like blazes.—*Construction Digest*.

" " NUDIST: A guy who has less pocket space than a sailor.—*Jobber Topics*.

" " To many football fans the pint after touchdown is the most important part of the game.—*Grayson Jnl-Enquirer*.

" " INFLATION: When you can't keep a good price down. — *Swanson Newsette*.

" " Bright lights cast dark shadows —under the eyes. — HOWARD W NEWTON, *Redbook*.

light off," Miss Lee begged the airport people. "Otherwise Joey will never come down."—EARL WILSON, *syndicated col*. **o**

" " "Haven't I always been fair with you?"

"Yes, but I want you to be fair and warmer."—*Transit News*. **p**

" " Once when Jas Gordon Bennett, Jr, was guiding the destinies of the *N Y Herald*, he issued a strict edict that under no circumstances should the name "Herald" appear except in italics.

One printer really showed his unflinching obedience to the order, when, during the holiday season, he set up a Christmas program announcement with the following item:

"Hark the *Herald* Angels Sing."—*Christian Science Monitor*. **q**



Faith Is Bunk!—GLENN STEWART,
Christian Herald, 12-47.

He prides himself on being a very practical man. Certainly he has been very successful in business. He likes to tell the reasons for his success, and he enumerated some of them before a group of his peers.

"It seems to me," said one of the group, "that you have overlooked faith."

"Bosh!" he exclaimed. "Faith is bunk. A thing either is or it isn't. I believe only in the things you can see."

We wondered. We knew a little about the man and his affairs. He had done all of the following things in the week just past:

He had pressed a light switch without checking up to see if the power company's generators were still running, or if the wires leading into his house were down.

He had stepped on the starter of his car without wondering if there was juice in the battery or gas in the tank.

He had told the station attendant to put in 5 gallons without asking the city sealer to stand by and measure the exact amount.

He had drunk from a public drinking fountain without demanding a water analysis.

He had made a deposit in his bank. He had taken a note from a friend who said he would pay in 6 mo's. He bought a gov't bond which would not mature for 10 yrs and this is an age of atom bombs.

He had ordered a \$10,000 insurance policy paid to his widow or children without a thought as to whether it would be really paid without him there to supervise it.

He had accepted chairmanship of a community chest drive, knowing that the goal was 30% higher than

it had ever been before. "We can do it!" he had said in a stirring kick-off speech.

He had ridden in his office elevator a dozen times without once thinking that the power would fail or a cable break.

He had dropped a letter in a mail slot. It never occurred to him that the letter might be lost or stolen or destroyed.

He had been vaccinated because of a smallpox scare.

But, says he, faith is bunk. He is a very practical man.

Quote Binders

Binders for the permanent preservation of your copies of **QUOTE** are again available. We have obtained a sturdy 3-ring binder in black morocco grain Du Pont fabricoid with **QUOTE** stamped on it in gold. They are large enough to hold a full yr's issues (2 complete vol's). These binders are offered, while our stock lasts, at \$1.25 each.

A Univ Credo

The struggle today is to capture the mind of youth. "isms" of every sort seek to perpetuate their shackles through "youth movements." American youth is exposed to pernicious poisons which have the potency to destroy our hard-won liberties. Many great universities and colleges dare not or will not take a stand.

The Univ of Detroit refuses to subscribe to the doctrine that "academic freedom" may be used as a pretext to teach systems which destroy all freedom. It proudly boasts that by its very nature as a Catholic institution it has always taught and always will teach the principles on which rest all law,

order and right gov't. In view of the contemporary struggle mentioned above, a restatement of the principles contained in the Credo of this Univ is appropriate:

It believes in God

It believes in the personal dignity of man

It believes that man has certain natural rights which come from God and not from the State

It therefore is opposed to all forms of dictatorship holding the philosophy that the "total man" (totalitarianism) belongs to the State

It believes in the sanctity of the home—the basic unit of civilization

It believes in the natural right of private property, but likewise that private property has its social obligations

It believes that labor has not only rights but obligations

It believes that capital has not only rights but obligations

It is vigorously opposed to all forms of "racism"—persecution or intolerance because of race

It believes that liberty is a sacred thing, but that law, which regulates liberty, is a sacred obligation

It believes in inculcating all the essential liberties of American Democracy and takes open and frank issue with all brands of spurious "democracy"

It believes, briefly, in the teachings of Christ, Who held that morality must regulate the personal, family, economic, political and international life of men if civilization is to endure.—*Univ of Detroit Bulletin*.

**This
WACKY
WORLD**

Draftsman in prefabricated house factory to well-heeled prospective buyer: "I am sorry, sir, but we have not yet reached the point where we prefabricate castles." (British cartoon reprinted in *Blick in die Welt*, Hamburg, Germany, **QUOTE** translation.)

